

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XIII.

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NUMBER XXV.

Select Poetry.

POLITICAL RHAPSODY.

Master Printer can you tell us,
What's something in your paper,
Is your "Border Ruffian" paper,
Your old-fashioned Loco paper,
There are all the Freedom-shriekers,
Those who shrieked so last November,
Shrieked so loud for Northern vengeance,
On the heads of Pierce and Douglas,
On our Democratic brethren,
South and North who would not vote for
The great fool of Harpagon,
And the perjured traitor Blaine?
There are all the Free-Republicans,
Of the old drab-coated Greeley!
They who painted such tales of horror,
Tales which make the life-blood curdle
In the souls of those who believe them?
What's become of "bleeding Kansas"?
Where the bleeding bones of Martys?
Martyrs met by Patrons Boocler,
Armed with pistols and Sharp's Rifles,
Sent to slay up strife and discord,
Send to slay up strife and discord,
Defiant the laws and Constitution?
Where are the chains and fetters,
And great balls that were to punish
And who dared to speak of Freedom
On the virgin soil of Kansas?
Where is the notorious Beecher?
Where Jim Lane, the doughy hero?
Where the money, where the money?
Used by falsehood, from the pockets
Of the poor deluded people
Who were moved by tales fictitious,
Tales of suffering and privation,
Told by selfish base impostors
Thus to part with hoarded treasure,
Hoping to avert the need?
All is vanished! Peace and quiet,
Brightest summer, where are you?
Few who want their curse and hatred,
On the heads of Pierce and old Buck;
Though Fremont has been defeated,
And the Star of W. has been closed,
Then lead let's sound the clarion!
Proud on high let's sound the clarion!
Democrats will shield the Union,
And our glorious Constitution,
From the traitor's touch for ever.

Select Miscellany.

(From the New York Sunday Dispatch.)

KATE FLETCHER; OR, PRIDE AND POVERTY.

BY HARRY GRAY.
CHAPTER I.

Fear, said the poor, feel or the poor;
The rich know not their hard
It is to be of no use,
And no need to feel it.
They never by the window lean,
To see the poor,
Then turn into their back again,
But with a saddened eye.

"KATE, my dear," said Mrs. Fletcher, as she laid down the fine linen garment on which she had been silently engaged for an hour, and shaded her eyes from the glare of the lamp with her thin spectre hand; "Kate, this is slow, sad work! and it is wearing you out, slowly it may be, but none the less surely. You grow more wan and pale daily, and that sharp, hickling cough which just escaped your lips, is dreadful to hear. Indeed, my child, you must take a respite."

"And leave you to work the harder, my dearest mother?" replied the person addressed, a pale, pretty, golden-haired girl, of perhaps, eighteen summers, as she raised her blue eyes, heavy with unshed tears, to the benevolent face of her only surviving parent. Never! While life remains I will not desert my post. There will be sufficient opportunity for the almshouse to claim us for inmates, she added, with a tone of bitterness unusual in one so young, "when disease or death lay their cold hands upon us; but, until that time, let it not be said that the wife and daughter of Dr. Fletcher were supported by charity."

"Your pride is not, and does you honor, Kate," replied the mother, as she gazed upon the girl with a yearning tenderness not unminged with natural pride, "but I am afraid that your constitution is not strong enough to support it. This constant and laborious application to labor is killing you, when a short respite from who follows the recovery of the fortune lost through the villain of old Skinner. If he had only lived, or if he had not endorsed that bold, bad man, we should not be where we are, working for dear life. Oh, this adversity is terrible—terrible!"

"Indeed, it is, my child; but why this vain repining? Providence has visited us with calamities as heavy as unexpected, it is true; but, depend upon it, if we but put our whole trust and confidence in God, these gloomy days will eventually pass away, and brighter ones dawn upon us. It is always darker before the dawn, Kate; remember that, and be cheerful and contented under the present circumstances, and all will yet be well."

Mrs. Fletcher had spoken with Christian fortitude and resignation, and her words fell upon the ears of Kate with a strangely soothing power. They thrilled a responsive chord in her bosom, and she gently wept; but her tears were those of gratitude to Heaven for so good a mother, and of a pious submission to her lot.

The conversation was not continued, but each plied her needle with incessant assiduity, as if life depended upon their industry; for, although it was a scanty pittance which they thus earned, it was all they had to save them from the pangs of hunger, and to provide for their heads a humble shelter from the wild blasts of winter which raged without.

A half hour of profound silence followed their colloquy unbroken save by an occasional sigh from Kate, when a light knock upon the door aroused them from the painful reverie into which they had fallen.

"It is Allan!" cried Kate in a tone of pleasure, as a bright and happy smile thro' the clouds of sunshine overshadowed her countenance. "How kind and considerate of him to visit us this dark, tempestuous night! He knew that we would be lonely, and he has come to enliven us with his pleasant smiles and hopeful words."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher, as she arose to throw open the door and welcome the visitor, "it is Allan, our best, our only earthly friend. Let us thank God that there is one who did not desert us with prosperity."

They were not mistaken; a young and handsome fellow, of perhaps, three and twenty years, stepped over the threshold as Mrs. Fletcher opened the door. A glad, happy smile was on his eye, as, shaking the snow flakes from the masses of his brown hair, he greeted the mother and daughter in one breath.

"You scarcely thought to see me this evening, did you, Kate?" he continued, gaily, as he drew up his chair before the fire without further ceremony. "But, bless me!" he added, ere the young girl, whose cheek had suddenly assumed a rosy hue, had time to reply—"how well you are looking! And how cozy and comfortable is this glowing grate, with the home-like stand stationed in front of it, and the capacious work-basket underneath. It is the perfect realization of my beau ideal of a cottage home."

A spasm of pain crossed the delicate features of the girl, but was unobserved by the guest, who in a tone of voice subdued to a gentle remonstrance went on: "But really, Kate, you are wearing out your constitution by this ceaseless application to work. And you, too, Mrs. Fletcher, indeed you are killing yourselves, and yet you do not seem to realize it."

"We do realize it, Allan," returned the widow, in tones of tearful sorrow; "but we have no choice. Work, death, or the almshouse, are the only alternatives offered us; and you know as too well to imagine for one moment that we would resort to the latter, so long as we have the power to hold the needle. We have pride, Allan; and I daily thank God that he has so instilled it into our very nature."

"But it is necessary, Mrs. Fletcher, that you should be so assiduous in your devotion to labor? Indeed, the remuneration which you receive must be very niggardly, or else," he added, with a light, care-free laugh, "you are growing quite extravagant. Pray, which is it?" And thus the moments flew on and became numbered by hours. Charmed in happy forgetfulness of their poverty, trials and privations, by the genial good humor, the glad flow of spirits, and the animated, inspiring conversation of Allan Green, the widow and her daughter soon threw aside their employment, and with folded arms and cheerful voices, if not with contented hearts, drew around the fireside.

Two or three hours flew rapidly by in this manner, and then Mrs. Fletcher, pleading fatigue, arose and retired from the room, leaving the young couple to entertain each other as best they could. She had an idea, however, that they would not long be at a loss for a topic of conversation; for she had read in the ardent gaze, the tender modulated voice of Allan, and in the flushed cheek, the palpitating bosom, and tremulous tones of Kate, a secret but half revealed to themselves. She had long regarded Allan with the affection due a son—and well was he worthy of that emotion; for he had clung to their fortunes through weal and woe, through prosperity and adversity. He was only a poor and humble mechanic, it was true, but the riches of a Cressus could not have closer endeared them to the hearts which knew him best, so great was the influence of his upright spirit, his just and generous soul, and his faithful, affectionate nature.

For a few moments after Mrs. Fletcher left the room, the same gay strain of pleasantry was continued by young Green, but soon a deep oppressive silence fell upon them. He arose, looked forth into the gloom of night, and re-seated himself with a sigh. There was evidently something upon his mind which oppressed it, and of which he would gladly be relieved.

As for Kate, she gradually sank into a deep reverie, which, to judge from the expression of her countenance, was far from pleasant; and so a feeling of restraint fell upon the two who but a little time before had been so replete with life and animation.

"Kate," said the young man at length, as he drew his chair still closer to her, "I have something of great importance to say to you, and perhaps it had better be said frankly and at once. Kate! I

love you, deeply, devotedly, faithfully. Can you find it in your heart to make me the happiest of men, by reciprocating my affection?"

The young girl did not seem surprised. She turned her soft, brown eyes upon the anxious lover, and in them trembled a mournful tenderness and regret. For a few moments she gazed upon him; then she spoke, and the tones of her voice were hoarse and tremulous with emotion.

"Allan Green! I have regarded you for years with an attachment which has grown to be one of the very sentiments of my soul; but I can never become your wife."

"Kate—dear Kate!" cried the lover as he half knelt at her feet, "retract those last cruel words I entreat you."

"Never!" replied the girl, in a voice of unnatural sternness; "Allan, you are poor!"

Had a dagger been transfixed in the bosom of young Green, he could not have experienced a sharper pang of dismay and astonishment.

"Kate Fletcher!" he groaned, hoarsely. "My God! am I dreaming? I know that I am poor, Kate, but I will to-day and night for the comfort and happiness of yourself and mother."

"I do not doubt it, Allan," returned Kate, as she dashed from her eye a tear of mingled regret and compassion; "but I am proud! and in that consists the whole secret of my refusal of the hand so generously offered me."

"Yes, you are proud—heartless—mercenary," said the young man, in a tone of bitter scorn, as he rose to his feet, "or you would never refuse the hand and heart of one whom you acknowledge that you love, because he is poor."

"I did not think this of you, Kate," he added, reproachfully.

"Allan," said Kate, in a voice of plaintive sorrow, "you will forgive me when I have told you all. Had you offered me your hand in the days of my prosperity, willingly would I have accepted it; but now that I am poor, I should despise myself were I to accept the hand of one so much my superior, thus dragging down his energies and talents into the poverty and obscurity which a penniless wife would surely entail upon him. No! you are talented, handsome and agreeable; go, then, and marry some lady who is worthy of you, who has riches and a position in society."

"But, Kate—"

"I have said," interrupted the girl, in a quick determined manner, "and I am in earnest. But," she continued, frankly extending her hand, "let us be friends, if nothing more. Indeed, I have too few of them to be willing to lose the best of all."

"May God forgive you, Kate!" said Allan, as he grasped her hand warmly. "But you do not love as I do, or never could you cast off the heart which is truly and faithfully yours. However," he added, with an effort at cheerfulness, "we will be friends, at least, and perhaps, time will yet overcome your false scruples."

And thus they separated, Allan to brave the raging storm of the elements without, and the fiercer one of conflicting emotions in his bosom, Kate to retire to her sleepless couch.

When Kate arose the following morning, she found her mother preparing their frugal breakfast with a more cheerful expression upon her countenance than had illumined it before for a long time. Kate, however, beheld it with a painful foreboding; and when Mrs. Fletcher remarked significantly, "Well, my child, brighter days begin to dawn, do they not?" her heart sank within her bosom.

Upon the bitter disappointment of Mrs. Fletcher, when Kate related the particulars of the interview between herself and Allan, we will not dwell; suffice it, that it seemed as if the cup of misery was full. She had loved the young man too long and too well to think of Kate's refusal of him with calmness and resignation; but it was a consolation to know that he would still be her friend, notwithstanding this painful crushing of all his fondest hopes.

"Pride is well enough, so far as it is just and reasonable," she remarked to the firm though weeping Kate; but, indeed, I think you have carried it altogether too far in this case. I hope, however, that you may never have occasion to regret your determination, and that he may find a wife worthy of him."

"And doubtless he will. At all events, I trust he will marry some lady of wealth, for after all, money makes the man, in more ways than one. Only think what his prospects might be, with a fortune at his disposal! Why, with his talents, not to say genius, he would soon win an enviable name and fame in the world, had he only wealth to assist him in attaining it."

"And you, Kate?"

"Oh, I shall do well enough yet," was the half-earnest, half-careless reply; "some rich man will perhaps take a fancy to me, and make me the wedded wife of his house and fame."

passed uneventfully away, and she placed with a brotherly sympathy and affection inexpressibly consoling-breathed words of Christian resignation and fortitude under the overwhelming dispensation which had fallen so heavily upon her. Could devotion so touching, so noble, so disinterested, as that which Allan Green manifested in those sad days of grief and darkness, remain unappreciated and unreciprocated by the object? No, for although Kate was apparently insensible to everything save her own great sorrow, yet had she as true and warm a heart as ever throbbed in mortal bosom; and so kind and unobtrusive were the attentions of Allan, so mindful was he in ministering friendliness and comfort, that most bitterly did she approach herself for the cruel refusal of heart which was once so generously offered her, and which she was confident yet beat for her alone.

"How can I ever repay you dear Allan, for the unselfish generosity which you have so lavishly bestowed upon me?" she one day exclaimed, almost involuntarily, as some fresh proof of his affection was betrayed; "Oh! if there is any way in which I can return your kindness—if my prayers—"

"Kate," interrupted the young man, as a hopeful ray illumined his countenance, and a musical tremor shook his voice, "Kate, there is one way in which you can remunerate me. Will you, can you forget the past, and become my true-hearted wife?"

"Forget the past?" repeated Kate, half doubting her own senses; "yes, gladly. But can you, Allan? Can you forgive all the apparent heartlessness which has actuated me, and which has caused your heart so much unreciprocated love, and remember it only as the affect of a false pride, engendered by the most cruel poverty?"

It was the first time that she had ever alluded to her rejection of his suit; and as she concluded she burst into a passionate flood of tears. With all the fondness of a lover and the respectful tenderness of a privileged friend, Allan drew her to his manly bosom, and wound his arms gently around her neck.

There, safe from the farther blasts of earthly trials and affliction, and free from the cares, sorrows and temptations of poverty, we will leave her three grateful and privileged friends, Allan, drew her to his manly bosom, and wound his arms gently around her neck.

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(From the Herald and Era.)

NEGLECT.

"What! stay at home for that squalling young one? catch me to it!" and the young mother threw on her bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air sauntered out on the promenade. One and another bowed and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well-known firm.

"Ah! out again, Della?" he said earnestly.

"Where is Charley?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him?"

"The young man's face grew cloudy—"

"No," he returned with a half sigh, "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh! well I can," she said, with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work and flitted on.

"Answer all his questions? make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to? oh, no! can't think of it! If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don't believe in fussing over children; let them find out things as they grow up."

"There's the danger," replied the dear old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had bent over all day.

"They find out things that run them, unless the mother be constantly improving the right kind of knowledge."

"O! you want to make him a piece of perfection, like his father; well, I can't say I do; I don't like those faultless men. See—now isn't the contrast beautiful. Come here, Charley, lovely, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city!"

"A cigar, bless me, what a boy, and only twelve. Are you sure you saw him smoke it? Well, I dare say it made him look enough, boys will be boys you know."

"Yes, but, to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without any knowledge!" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me! what a fret you are in; do let the child see something of the world."

"In jail! my God! husband not our boy!"

"Yes, in jail for stealing."

"Not our boy! not our Charley—no—it can't be; let me die—kill me—but don't tell me Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State's prison, and the mother carried to a lunatic asylum the next day.

Juvenile Logic.

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah, what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers run through his offspring's hair.

"Why, I walloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like thunder. You should just hear him holler, dad."

The father looked unhappy when he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded with, "You should not have done that my child."

"Then he would have walloped me," said young hopeful.

"Better for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but," replied young hopeful by way of final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

GREENHORN AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Mr. Snodgrass, Jr., has been "scooting around" at the West, and some of his experiences are rather amusing; we copy an extract as follows:

"When we got to the depot, I went round to take a look at the old iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meetin' house. If I was going to describe the animal, I'd say it looked like a well, it looked like a darned if I knew what it did look like, unless it was a regular devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all around, and pntin', and swellin', and chewing up red hot coals like they were good."

A feller stood in a little house like, feedin' him all the time; but the more he got, the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller catched him by the tail, and great Jericho! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next moment I felt my legs a waggin', and found myself at the other end of the string of vehicles. I wasn't streaked, but I had three chills and a stroke of the palsy in less than five minutes, and my face had a